

OUR DUMB Animals





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International S.P.A.

IHIS month we welcome to Boston the Directors of the newly incorporated International Society for the Protection of Animals. Meeting with the American Directors will be a number of distinguished members of the Council of the Royal S. P. C. A., in London, who are also Directors of the new international organization. They are: Mrs. W. Longman, Mrs. M. A. Tait, M.A., Sir Arthur Willert, K.B.E., and Sir Charles Woolley, G.B.E., K.C.M.G., C.M.G., M.C. Accompanying the British delegation will be Mr. John Hall, Chief Secretary of the Royal Society, in London.

At the Boston meeting many important aspects of the new organization will be discussed and definite conclusions reached. Invitations to join the new Society will then be extended to humane organizations throughout the world, qualifying for membership. It is firmly believed that the new organization will be a forceful and vigorous influence in international humane affairs, strongly supported and backed as it is by the Royal Society, of England, and American humane societies, including the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

The purposes of the new Society are to promote effective means for the prevention of cruelty and the relief of suffering to animals throughout the world, the study of international and national legislation relating to animal welfare, and to promote international efforts for the protection of animals. Among other principles, the new organization believes that it is a moral obligation that all animals, whether domesticated or wild, be protected from cruelty on the part of man—that animals transported by road, rail, sea and air should always be handled humanely, and adequate space, food and water should be provided and proper sanitary conditions observed; that the claims and interests of science, sport, entertainment, and the production of food do not exempt men from the obligation to eliminate cruelty and avoid suffering.

Our Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has, since its inception, maintained a most friendly relationship with the Royal Society. Our founder, Mr. Angell, lectured far and wide in England during the early years of our Society, and our predecessor, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, represented the humane movement in America in 1924 at the Royal S. P. C. A.'s centennial celebration.

The meetings in Boston will culminate nearly five years of discussion and evaluation to formulate the new organization which was based on numerous negotiations between our Society and the Royal Society. It is a great honor to have our British colleagues in the United States, and we hope and pray for a most successful meeting which will have far-reaching influence in the reduction of suffering to animals throughout the world.

E.H.H.



Midge Wins Respect

By Willa Oldham

SOME neighborhoods do not assimilate new people graciously. In this particular locality, Midge found that it was even worse for a dog.

Though her lady kept her clean and sweet smelling and didn't give Midge an opportunity to browse anywhere but in her own backyard, all Midge ever seemed to manage, over the back fence or across the street, were cold glances from the other residents.

Midge and her ladyship had not a choice but to make the best of it; as this house was all that they had left after her ladyship settled some business affairs, as a widow. But Midge didn't mind too much, because, when she did get a sad, wistful look in her eyes, milady would reach over and pat her gently, saying, "Just you wait, things will be better before long."

They did improve slightly for her ladyship, who more frequently, chatted with the nearby neighbors; but it was evident that no one wished to include Midge.

It didn't matter that Midge was a very special mixture of Chihuahua and Manchester, with beautiful tan and white markings, offset by a fine red collar, trimmed in shining metal studs or that she had traveled all the way to California from Chattanooga, Tennessee by train, alone, at the age of three months. Probably more of a trip than most of those people had ever taken. The section was so anti-pet, of any kind, that to avoid

possible misunderstandings, milady took to leaving Midge in the house when she was away.

They were both relieved that none of the residents complained when Midge set up a real fuss, barking sharply whenever someone came onto their property. She felt she should guard their possessions carefully until her owner's return. Perhaps people overlooked this because Midge was careful not to peep otherwise.

So life was, until one night her ladyship was interrupted as she sat reading, hearing strange guttural noises emanating from Midge's throat. At almost the same instant the phone at milady's elbow rang.

The neighbor across the street was calling in a voice so low that you got the impression she was afraid of being overheard. "I don't want to alarm you," she said with a tremulous voice, "but there is a prowler outside, nearby."

Milady was cautious. "Are you sure?" she inquired. "I looked up to see him staring in our back den window," was the reply. "I called the police, but they didn't act too concerned. If you would call, too, maybe they would feel it wasn't just my imagination."

Her ladyship started to refuse politely; since she could not honestly say she had heard anything, then Midge started moving restlessly around the room, her ruff up and making that peculiar growl. "I'll try," she said quietly.

The desk sergeant at headquarters spoke firmly and a bit gruffly. "Where did you see him?" he asked.

"I didn't," replied milady.

The sergeant really sounded impatient. "Lady we have work to do, we can't just dash everywhere someone, just thinks, someone is —" Milady didn't hear the end of the sentence as Midge jumped into her lap, pulling at her sleeve and continuing the throaty noise.

"What was that?" the officer's voice was crisp and alert.

"My dog is upset," milady returned.

"We'll be right out, don't move around until we announce ourselves."

Almost an hour later the door chimes rang and a voice called—"It's all right—this is the police."

The officer was apologetic. "We get so many fruitless calls from hysterical women at home alone, we're sometimes not very enthusiastic about reports. But," he stooped down and patted Midge on the head, "when we hear a dog growl like the sergeant said this dog did, we know it's business. You won't have any more trouble. We got our man."

Word must have gotten around, because the little Christmas tree at milady's this year had a lot of gifts, all addressed to Midge and delivered in person by quite a few of the neighbors.

Cat-Collateral

By Gracia Paquay

PRROU was a very ordinary black and white cat, except for the fact she was accepted as collateral by one of my husband's drivers for one dollar and seventy-five cents.

My husband manages a fleet of taxicabs. It often happens that a passenger on arriving at his destination tells the driver he has not enough money to pay for the fare; he offers his watch, his wedding ring, even an electric toaster or his shirt, which the driver has no alternative but to accept. These articles are labelled and kept as collateral in the office until the owner returns to claim them.

Prrou was thrust into the arms of a surprised driver by a woman passenger. After many saucers of milk and fish ordered from a nearby restaurant, my husband decided to pay the driver the \$1.75 out of his own pocket and bring her home for the children. Her first name was Madame Dollar de Cents. Then, invited at moments of tenderness and love, the children named her "Light of our Life." When she clawed our rug or scooped the stuffing out of the new chair, she was just plain "Come Here" or "Where Are You?" Eventually Prrou was the chosen name that remained, as prrou was the sound she made when any member of the family entered the front door. She would be right there to greet us, give us the rub around, prrou loudly, stalk off, saying prrou, prrou, in different tones, according to the latest news she was trying to relay.

Her green eyes were filled with supernatural radiance when she was brushed and combed. She would lie on her back, with a voluptuous expression on her evenly striped face, claw the air and utter prrou very softly when we left off. Our Madame Dollar de Cents was the real pet of our household, and the best collateral ever accepted for a fare by a driver.

Last week Prrou was not at the door to greet me. I called her, looked into her favorite sleeping nooks, asked the children to find her. The search for Prrou went on for two days. Where could be she be? She had never left the house for more than an hour at any one time. We all tried to conceal our anxiety. After all, there are greater worries in the average family than the disappearance of a cat. So we all made believe. At the end of forty-eight hours our youngest tore away the newspaper that covered his sleeping father's face; "Daddy, please Daddy," he pleaded, "How can you sleep while we're all so worried?"

"Yes, yes, what is it son?"

"Daddy please help me find Prrou, I miss her so much."

Reluctantly, my husband got up, and followed Junior.

I looked out of the front door and watched them as they asked the neighbors if they had seen our cat. I saw negative shakes of the heads; no one had seen Prrou.

My husband brought Junior into the house saying: "Don't worry, Junior, she'll return when she's hungry."

Prrou didn't return alone. The following morning I opened the back door to take in the milk bottles, which stood like sentinels on guard against surprise. In this case case they did just that. I thought I heard a determined, "Prrou, Prrou." I looked around, called her name. For a minute or two I thought I was mistaken. The sound I heard might be wishful thinking.

Then, from under the back steps came the sound of a very impatient 'mew' and out stalked Prrou carrying a tiny kitten by the scuff of the neck, which she promptly dropped at my feet. In my excitement I forgot to pick it up. I ran inside to call the children. When the sleepy-eyed family realized that our loved Prrou had returned plus a kitten, they all rushed outside.

By then Prrou was proudly standing in the middle of eight new-borns of different shades and stripes.

In my husband's office a notice is predominant on the notice board:

TO ALL DRIVERS

Cats as collateral are not accepted
by the firm.

Signed



Prrou didn't return alone.

Mink Memories

By Mary Hull



"Slow-Poke" was staying put.

ON a certain rocky shore on a certain lake in one of our New England states there lived a family of mink. We saw them one summer evening about sunset running along the rocks, a mother and four youngsters, homewardbound after a hunting trip. They were traveling in line, nose to tail, the littlest one bringing up the rear. Every so often he tired and fell behind or stopped completely, and each time the whole procession halted, turned around, back-tracked (still in formation), got him back in line, turned, and started off again. This happened several times within a fairly short distance and at last Mother Mink lost patience at the delay; so, arriving at a pile of very large rocks where there were plenty of hide-ways, she led the little ones down among the boulders and held a conference with them. We heard mink talk and squeals, then the old one appeared with only three in tow and went on down the shore. She must have told "Slow-Poke" to stay put, and stay he did, quiet as a mouse. We watched until supper called us in, and we didn't see the entire family again, so knew "Slow-Poke" was safe. He wasn't a delinquent mink, but just a tired little wild one.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

The general subscription rate to OUR DUMB ANIMALS is now \$2.00 per year. Single copies are 20c each.

Our bulk order prices apply only to subscriptions sent in at the same time:

1 - 4 Subscriptions	— \$2.00 each
5 - 24 Subscriptions	— \$1.50 each
25 - 49 Subscriptions	— \$1.25 each
50 - 99 Subscriptions	— \$1.00 each
100 Subscriptions and over	— \$.75 each

A Memorial to all the oldsters and their animal friends who have stuck by each other through thick and thin

In Memory of . . .

By Henry Belk, Editor, Goldsboro-News-Argus

FOR more than a score of years, my friend and neighbor, Mrs. Sallie Hicks, used your magazine (OUR DUMB ANIMALS) to teach children the joy of friendship with animals, but particularly to be kind and humane to them. She gave the Animals magazine as a Christmas gift to a number of friends. She called to her home many children to whom she gave copies of *Animals*.

Next to her beloved daughter, Mrs. Mamie Pedigo, who lived with her, her closest companion in her late years was a golden Cocker Spaniel, registered, Sandy Mack. Mrs. Hicks died a year ago, at the age of 91 and five months later, Sandy Mack, broken and suffering from heart, kidney and other ailments, went also. Sandy had had the best of care by a veterinarian and the latter had said, weeks before the final end, Sandy should be put to sleep.

When Mrs. Hicks was about 80 her doctor had told her she was trying her strength too greatly in caring for her dog (not Sandy Mack). But after the golden cocker joined her household the doctor came to admit that he had been wrong and agreed that the interest and care she gave him contributed to her usual good health and vigor for one of advanced years right up to the night of her death.



Mrs. Sally Hicks on her 90th birthday with Sandy Mack.

Book Reviews

THE OBSERVER'S BOOK OF CATS, by Grace Pond, Frederick Warne and Company, Inc., London and New York, 1959, 160 pages, \$1.25.

THIS is it!—if you have been searching for a handy book bursting with information about cats. It is conveniently small enough to be carried in your pocket to cat shows. Those who are unfamiliar with the judging points of cats will find the book invaluable for the subject is extensively covered by breed. Over half the pages are devoted to describing the breeds, their individuality, and giving pertinent information about each one.

Diet, proper care, ailments and breeding are important considerations for all cat owners. These subjects are covered to the extent that the book would be a valuable guide to everyone owning a cat. Those of you who like cats but are unable to have one will derive enjoyment from the book, also. If you are planning to acquire a cat in the future you will have a better familiarity with breeds and know what you want, if you read CATS.

Cat fanciers interested in knowing others with like interests will want to read the sections listing cat organizations.—D.A.R.

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THIS IS NATURE: the best from NATURE MAGAZINE. Selected and edited by Richard W. Westwood, editor *Nature Magazine*, illustrated by Walter W. Ferguson. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, N. Y., 1959. 214 pages. \$5.95.

NATURE MAGAZINE, for years, has been noted for the stimulating and outstanding selections to appear in every issue. Selecting a relatively few representations must have been for Mr. Westwood, a formidable undertaking.

The results, though, can best be described as wonderful. The extensive variety of nature subjects will suit every taste. The list of authors in the book reads like a Who's Who of Nature Writers.

Each article has much to offer from both the standpoint of thoroughly enjoyable reading and providing deeper insight into the ways of nature. Mr. Westwood has chosen wisely, for the stories are so well written that the reader in many cases feels he is observing that about which he is only reading.

Walter Ferguson's illustrations and numerous photographs add to the over-all enjoyment of the book. It is obvious, by looking at the illustrations, that the artist has captured the personality of the animals from the author's writings.

The articles and stories deal largely with animals. The writers are keen observers and communicate their observations and feelings for the animals in an expert manner. There is hardly a story that does not add to one's understanding of wild creatures and plants.

Although you may have been a reader of NATURE MAGAZINE for a long time you will enjoy this book. Those who have never read the magazine but do like animals and nature have a wonderful reading treat in store for them.—D.A.R.

Take That Picture



NATURALLY, your pet is one of the most important members of the family—and photographs of him should have their place in the family snapshot album. He should not only be included in pictures of family groups, but it certainly wouldn't be out of the way to take some special shots. Pet portraits are fun to make, but like any good picture, it takes a little thought and planning to insure good results—and we might add, luck and dexterity to get pictures like the one pictured here. Try to make your pet's personality and intelligence show in the picture. Of course, he's smart or you wouldn't have him, so try to keep that in mind when taking his photograph.

Spring Surprise

By Louise Darcy

The cat stepped back in swift surprise,
She hardly could believe her eyes.
The little brook where she had walked
All winter long now rushed and talked
In babbling tones. Where was the ice?
No sign of it! Gone in a trice!
She did not know what this could mean;
It was the first spring she had ever seen.



HIGHEST IN HONOR

By Mario DeMarco

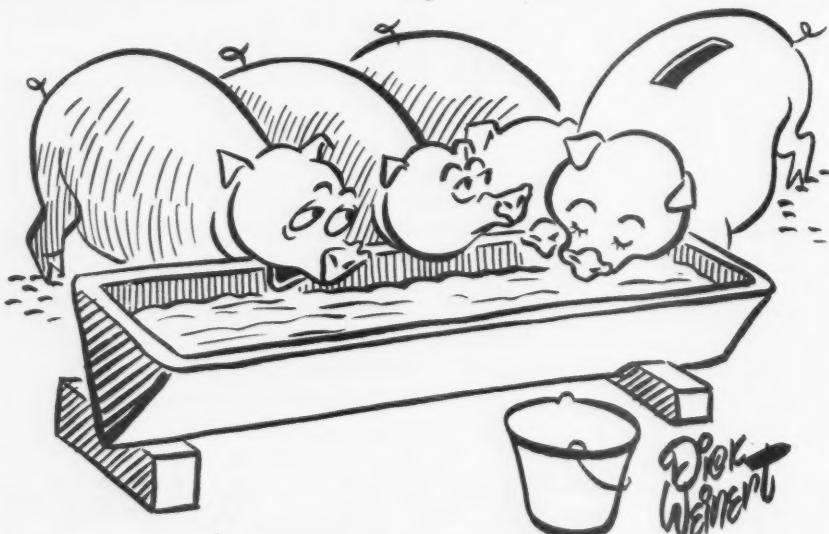


TAPS FOR OKI
Marines
Pay Tribute
To War Dog

OSTA MESA, Calif., Jan. 15—Taps sounded for Oki, Alsatian shepherd dog decorated for saving the lives of 151 Marines during the invasion of Okinawa.

The El Toro Marine Air Station assigned two men in dress uniform to blow taps over Oki's grave. Oki died last week of old age. He had lived 15 years.

OKI CAME INTO HIS OWN ON OKINAWA WHEN HIS MASTER BOB HAR, A MARINE FIRST LIEUTENANT, AND A SMALL PARTY OF LEATHERNECKS WERE ORDERED TO GO INTO THE JAPANESE LINES AND BLOW UP THE COMMAND POST. THE ENEMY LOCATED THE MARINES AND HEMMED THEM IN FOR TWO DAYS. OKI WAS SENT OUT THROUGH THE ENEMY LINES AND BACK TO THE U.S. COMMAND POST. A SHORT TIME LATER THE U.S. ARTILLERY FIRE BEGAN POURING IN AND SCATTERED THE ENEMY.



"His mother was scared by a piggy bank."

Pictures? . . . None!

But Fame . . . aplenty
has the

Old Cannonball

By Fern Berry

LIVING with his master at Mount Pleasant, Michigan is Cannonball, old and plagued with arthritis and forgotten by the Press that once rated him right along with the famed Rin Tin Tin and Lassie.

Cannonball is now almost 17 years of age. He lives in the home of his master, Floyd Morey. In 1944 newspapers headlined Cannonball for he went through nine major campaigns with a U.S. field artillery battery during World War II and suffered four shrapnel wounds.

He was given the Purple Heart medal with official papers from the War Department. This dog hero was known as "the best damned soldier in the whole division" he learned to ride jeeps, tanks and half-tracks and to dart into foxholes with the speed of a cannonball.

Floyd Morey purchased Cannonball for a package of cigarettes at Casablanca, Africa in 1942. He kept the dog until he made the Normandy invasion. Morey won the Bronze Star and the Purple Heart with Cannonball by his side.

Well, after a long hard campaign Morey was shipped to England—No Pets On Board—was the order. Morey and some of the men managed to slip Cannonball aboard ship.—He was kept below deck and food was smuggled to him.

Getting him to New York was another problem . . . but with determination and a little money, Cannonball finally arrived at New York.

Cannonball's greatest contribution was his uncanny ability to spot enemy aircraft. "Pictures of Cannonball . . . None, now," Morey says. "He is too old to be bothered with that."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Tree-Top Neighbors

By Lucille Campbell

THEY were our first neighbors when we moved to our home in Missouri. Perhaps they felt they owned the farm home in the trees by right of possession; no one had lived there for years. Anyway, as we walked into the grass-grown, tree-shaded lawn, a furious, scarlet-red ball with a perky topknot flew directly over us, scolding violently.

"That's no way to talk to new neighbors," my husband laughed. "Do you object to us or to our cat, Purri? Don't worry, neither of us will bother you."

"I see his wife lurking back in that evergreen," I said. "She's more gray-pink, than scarlet. I wonder where the family lives?"

Several times that day as we arranged our possessions, Flutter, the cardinal, flew to one of our windows and peered indignant inside.

When we opened the window, thinking he might fly inside, he still perched on the sill proudly and looked us and our home over scornfully. Apparently, Mrs. Flutter did not consider us worthy of her consideration; or she was too busy, for she had disappeared.

In the cool of the evening, we walked into our wild backyard and visited the Flutters. Their home was in a thorny hedge near the old neglected fish pool, and Mrs. Flutter watched anxiously as we looked in at her three blue-gray, pink-fuzzed babies. Mr. Flutter screamed about calling the law with every step we took, until we left his premises. Just as we reached the porch we heard the loveliest song, every note pure joy and clear music. Looking up, we saw Mr. Flutter sitting on the very top of our oldest, tallest cedar tree and singing his heart out.

"Why, it's like a benediction!" I exclaimed. "All's well in both our worlds. And now I think we're all friends."

We were, too. For our part, we kept Purri inside or watched her when she was out. Then we left the backyard to



the Flutters for Mrs. Flutter was still quite nervous and shy, and we rarely saw her. Mr. Flutter was quite neighborly, though. He often sat on our window sill, peering in importantly and seemingly enjoying the companionship. We kept food for him on his favorite window sill and moved nearer and nearer as we grew acquainted. Soon the children could touch the window without frightening him away. Our baby Donna would spend long moments touching the window while he pecked at her tiny fingers. When he'd finally fly away, he always took a bit of food along. Mrs. Flutter may have disapproved of the entire friendship, but I think her babies grew fat and fast.

The greatest delight of each pleasant day, for us, was the evening half-hour when Mr. Flutter would sit on his tiptop perch and serenade us. It was just about the time our hungry children came home from school; it became a ritual for me

to have cookies and lemonade ready, and we'd all sit on the porch and just listen.

Mr. Flutter wakened us very early one morning. It was just dawn when I went to the window where he fluttered, screaming harshly. I opened it and he flew to the nearest tree, lit on a low branch, still crying. When I shut the window again, he flew against it, nearly crashing the pane.

"Could Purri be out, and at his nest?" I wondered aloud. My husband sat up in bed abruptly at the thought, and we both ran towards the backyard, clad only in pajamas. Mr. Flutter urged us on from overhead, and as we left the house, we heard Mrs. Flutter crying in the distance.

At the nest, we found a two-foot garter snake looping his way through the hedge towards the nest, only two inches from it now. My husband immediately removed the menace and we retired again to finish our sleep.

I'll never forget that morning, three weeks later, when Mr. Flutter came calling to us in desperate trouble. I could not understand his plea, for I knew the little Flutters had safely flown days before. Pausing in my baking, I called to my husband:

"Can the Flutters be in trouble again?"

"Well, to the rescue!" he laughed.

We hurried towards the backyard. There in the fishpool, our baby daughter floated face down, while the birds flew about screaming. The water was not deep; but when she fell into the pool, she hit her head on a rock and was stunned. Hours later, a doctor told us that she would be as good as new in a day or two; but had she lain in the water two or three moments longer, she could never have been revived. So do you wonder why we love the Flutters, our good neighbors in the tree-tops? We guarantee them abundant food and a safe, secure nest, all the years they'll be our neighbors.



Let's journey to Animaland

WE take off for that most amusing of all places, Animaland, where we find, on this short excursion, a few of our domestic friends in various poses and activities.

Here is a telephoning cat; a dog seeking a college degree, perhaps; a curious dalmation; a canine miner, ditch digger or, maybe, construction engineer; a cat and dog "entente cordiale"; a horse and his little mistress.

Far from being posed pictures, these photographs were all taken with the animals entirely unaware that a photographer was about the premises. After all, animals are exceedingly natural creatures — not "poseurs" in any sense of the word.



Is this little dog going to the end of the line to receive his degree? After perhaps, he's just looking for his master.

"Hello, is this the butcher? Send over a pound of your very best ground beef, please — right-a-way, if you can."



ALL IN THE FAMILY

Certainly, "Buster" doesn't mind if "Tabby" decides to stretch out over him and take a cat nap. After all, they are pals—eat from the same dish, share the same bed at night and lord it over the same household and play tag with each other at all hours of the day and night.

PHOTO CREDITS

Cat at 'Phone — Carson Ackert
Dog and Graduates — Dante O. Tranquille
Baby and Dog — Georgia Engelhard
Cat and Dog — Howard B. Graves
Digging Dog — Harry Fujita
Girl and Horse — Connie Rounds



Agree? After all, didn't he attend classes too? But, for his master.



"Hurry up and get clean," says Mr. Dalmatian. He wants his pal to get dressed and come out to play, instead of dallying in the bathtub. But he won't leave him alone. You never can tell what might happen and he wants to be on the spot if anything should occur where his help might be needed.

ery



May we introduce little Sherry Brewer who is holding out a meager luncheon in the direction of a yearling colt inquisitively peering at her from his stall. Sherry and the colt, by the way, are fast friends.

DIGGING FOR TREASURE

And here's "Trixie" starting an excavation in the sand. Who knows, he may turn up treasure long buried by those pirate captains, Kidd or Morgan. Again maybe he's seen his young master with pail and shovel making sand castles —or, of course, he may be just digging up a long forgotten bone.

out over him
one dish, share
play tag with



It Swims and Signals

By Henry H. Graham

FRANK and I were walking through a very wet, swampy area of the southern part of the United States when a small grayish streak jumped from beneath a bush and whisked toward the nearby bayou. A moment later we were standing on the edge of the shallow bayou watching this same creature swim toward the opposite bank.

What was it? It was a swamp or marsh rabbit, one of the few members of the rabbit family that takes to water. Most bunnies thoroughly dislike moisture in any form except to drink and only swim when it is a matter of life and death. The swamp rabbit, however, is different. He is aquatic by nature and thoroughly at home in the water.

Several times on that same hike through the southern woods, we saw swamp rabbits leap fearlessly into a stream or pond and paddle off with great dexterity. Since neither of us had ever seen anything of the sort until that day, it was all very interesting to us.

If a wildcat, mink, panther or other enemy gets after the swamp rabbit, the latter does not hesitate to take to the water. Against the mink, which is a water animal, he does not always escape; but many wild animals hate water and will not follow a speeding fugitive into it. They just look elsewhere for their dinner. The swamp rabbit has been known to swim beneath the surface of the water, thus making it difficult for such birds of prey as owls and hawks to reach him.

Another strange activity of the marsh rabbit is his method of signalling to his relatives and friends. Yes, he actually warns others of the presence of dangerous enemies.

How does he do it? By stomping his hind feet hard on the ground. Even in swampy areas there is a certain amount of dry, firm earth. If he sees a menacing intruder that poses a threat to smaller creatures, the swamp rabbit immediately goes to a bit of hard ground and thumps out a warning to other rabbits living in the vicinity. Several times I myself have heard these sounds and listened intently to them. An old man who made his home in the swamps told me what they meant.

As soon as the signals are heard, all other rabbits in the area seek cover. They dart into subterranean holes or perhaps seek refuge in heavy thickets. There they are hard to find. Only when the danger has passed do they emerge into open clearings.

So hard does the swamp rabbit pound his feet on the ground that the signals may be heard as far as a quarter of a mile away by the keen ears of listeners. No doubt the lives of thousands of swamp rabbits have been saved by this ingenious signalling method.

The swamp rabbit is indeed a queer creature. In order to survive against the many enemies that try to catch him, he must be eternally vigilant. If he grows careless, he may pay for the lapse with his life.



"Signs of Spring."

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Are You Right?

THE American Humane Education Society serves its members and friends in myriad ways. Some of those activities have been mentioned from time to time in the pages of our magazines.

One daily service is responding to written and telephone requests from people urgently seeking information and help regarding animals of all kinds. We try to provide the best answers possible and render as much assistance as we can.

New and excellent materials are constantly being published. More valuable information is being made available. That we may serve those who request our services we need to acquire more of these newly available reference materials. Our present collection is becoming worn out; even our literature on pets needs supplementing.

Help is urgently needed now that we may make the necessary additions to one of our most basic and necessary working tools—our library.

Your contribution should be made to The American Humane Education Society's REFERENCE FUND—it will be appreciated over and over again. We need YOUR help so we may in turn better help and serve YOU and all other members and friends.



Judy

By Miss Frost

IN May 1945 there lived at our barn, at the Shaker Colony in Canterbury, New Hampshire, a mother cat named Tabby. She had four dear, little kittens. Three were brown tiger with white faces and paws while one was gray tiger with a little, white mouth, white shirt front and four white double paws.

When they grew big enough to leave their mother it was not easy for her to find enough for them all to eat. So we took the little gray one. The night we brought her home, the story called "A Date With Judy" was coming over the radio so we named her *Judy*. She just filled the palm of the hand and she seemed like a bright, frisky, little Miss Kitten, which she proved to be.

After a while she learned not to catch birds. She even brought a little nestling, who was blown to the ground in a strong wind, and laid it at her friend's feet without ruffling its feathers. As would be expected she was the foe of all mice. However, there was never a nicer cat.

In the last couple of years she did not want to go out of doors because of other cats and dogs, though she would sometimes take a little walk with her friends. It was her custom too, to "speak" to her friends when they entered the room even if she had been asleep, or rather "napping."

On November 11, 1959 she was taken sick. She leaned over and lapped her friend's hand and soon went to sleep for the last time and left us feeling very sad.

May, 1960

Mail Anyone

By Harriett C. Anderson

THE highlight of the day for Twinkle-Toes, a very intelligent cat, is the arrival of the mailman. The greatest thrill is when he arrives while she is inside the apartment of her owner, Miss Audrey J. Anderson, a San Diego, California artist. At the click of the outside opening to the mailbox, Twinkle-Toes is off in a bound to the inside grill opening. She is all excitement at the sound of the mail being dropped into it. Then, she lifts the gridded opening with her right paw, gets her head up under it, and when there are letters or cards inside, she gently draws them forward. If she is successful in dropping them to the living room floor, she sits right beside them with an air of great achievement and purrs contentedly until the letters or cards are picked up.



Twinkle-Toes gets the mail.



Manana is good enough for me.

Lazy-Bones

By Arthur L. Schoeni

Cat-lovers know how kittens like to get into things, especially small things and inevitably go to sleep in them. This picture was just such a shot, with a flower pot serving as a "bed." I'm submitting it in memory of my sister, Helen Schoeni, who was an animal lover during her lifetime.



"No, I'm not a Genii!"

Cow Horse

By Patric Stevens



"Old Red's" two-sided project.

WHEN I was a child growing up on the farm, my greatest desire was to have a horse to ride. But we had no use for a horse and my father didn't believe in keeping one around just for me to ride.

I had to walk almost a mile each evening to round up the cows for milking. This was a very tiring job for a small child, especially one who was slightly on the lazy side.

In the herd of cows we kept on the farm was a big, lumbering Red Pole cow, who

was the undisputed boss of the herd. She had a wicked head for butting, and she used it on any cow that gave her trouble. She was hornless, but where her horns should have been she had a large, hard bulge which was a wicked weapon when she butted with it.

"Old Red," as we called her, had been a pet for many years. If she was mean around the herd, she was just the opposite around people. She was gentle and loving, and liked to be petted. She always helped me round up the cows and start

them toward the barn when I went after them. She remained behind the rest, butting any stragglers who were reluctant to move along.

One evening I stubbed my bare toe on a sharp, jagged rock. The toe was cut deeply and the pain was so intense that I didn't know if I was going to make it back to the house. I was three-quarters of a mile from the house and it seemed like a million miles away.

Old Red had stopped to wait for me and she eyed me with concern as I sat on the ground holding the throbbing toe with both hands. It was then the idea flashed through my mind that I might be able to crawl upon the big cow's back and ride home.

Old Red wasn't fond of the idea, but she did allow me to crawl up. After that night I rode her back every evening. The big cow walked more proudly, and kept the other cows in line with more authority.

When I slid off her back at the barn she would station herself by the door and heaven help the cow that tried to sneak past the door without going in. Old Red gave these reluctant ones an extra boost to help them in.

One day Old Red wasn't with the herd when I went after them. I searched the pasture and woods for a sign of her. Finally I located her in the far corner of the woods, standing over a new born calf. It was much too young to walk back to the barn, and I was much too small to carry it that far.

Old Red would have to carry her calf on her back. I finally managed to get the little calf up on her back, but it would not stay on. There was only one thing for me to do, so I crawled up on her back and held the little fellow on.

As father came rushing out at my excited yells and the barking of our dog, no stranger sight ever met his eyes, than our triumphant entry into the barnyard. As father helped me down and gently lifted the little calf from his mother's back, he laughingly remarked:

"I'll bet this is the only cow in the world that ever carried her calf on top of her back."

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Young One's King

By Margaret Siddall

KING was our chocolate colored horse, and his name was most appropriate, for he was a king among horses, at least in our estimation. When he first came to us he was chiefly a light work horse, but in time he became the saddle horse of Young One, and a dandy saddle horse he was too. He was such a friendly, good-natured fellow that he was a family favorite. To the Young One, well, King became part of his life. Young One gave him a great deal of attention in the way of both care and use. King in turn catered to his every whim in all the gyrations Young One was apt to think of, and riding the range with King became a pleasant diversion for him.

So obedient and knowing was King that many times he was ridden without saddle or bridle. Just a little pat on the neck steered him in the right direction. He became so accustomed to rounding up the

cows that when he was pastured with them, all that was necessary was to call the cows, and he would bring them down to the gate by nudging them along.

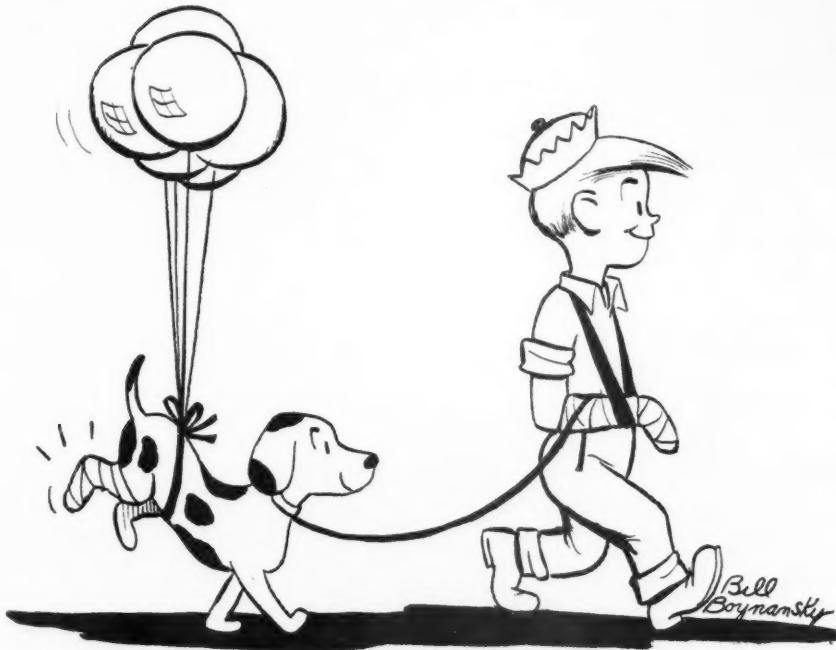
Another way King had of displaying his intelligence was to open the gate by lifting the bars one by one and letting them down.

Sad was the day for King when the Young One enlisted in the service of his country, and King was left all alone. Hour after hour he stood dejectedly at the gate—with his head hanging low until we were induced to let him go to a place where he would have companionship.

Now the saddle hangs empty in its accustomed place, but King will always be embraced in the warmth of my thoughts for making happy the brief, brief stay of the Young One, and I like to think that together they are riding the range up there.



King and the Young One.



Find the Dogs

By Louise Darcy

In each of the following words is hidden the name of a well-known dog.

1. basset	5. localize
2. boxer	6. unlooped
3. gullible	7. agreeable
4. doughnut	8. woodchuck

1. basset	5. collie	4. hound
2. boxer	6. poodle	3. bull
3. gullible	7. beagle	2. boxer
4. doughnut	8. chow	1. basset

Answers to Dog Quiz

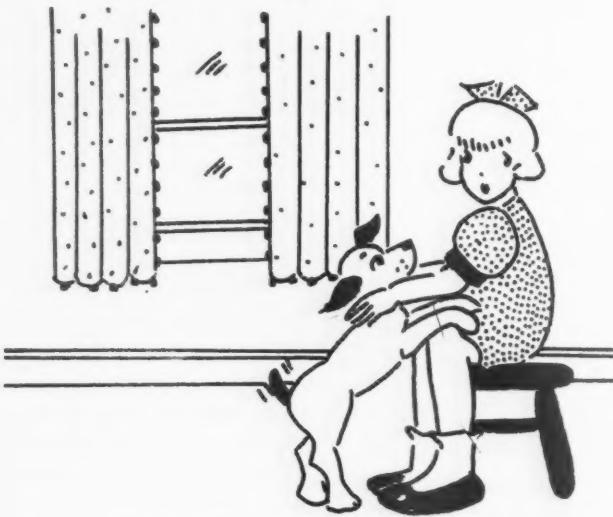


The YOUNG

Pen Pals Unlimited



THE Barcelona League for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has many young members who wish to correspond with American children interested in animal welfare. Here we see a photograph of some of the children having their dogs vaccinated against rabies by a veterinarian of the Barcelona S.P.C.A. Which one of these boys and girls will be your pen-pal?



*To be unkind to animals
Is very mean and shoddy,
Because they lack the power of speech
And can't tell anybody!*

—Edna Markham

Our Kitten

By Katrina Moulton (age eight)

WE have a kitten as white as snow. He is the sweetest kitty in the world. He drinks in our dog's bowl. He sleeps in the bathroom, and plays with a marble in the tub.

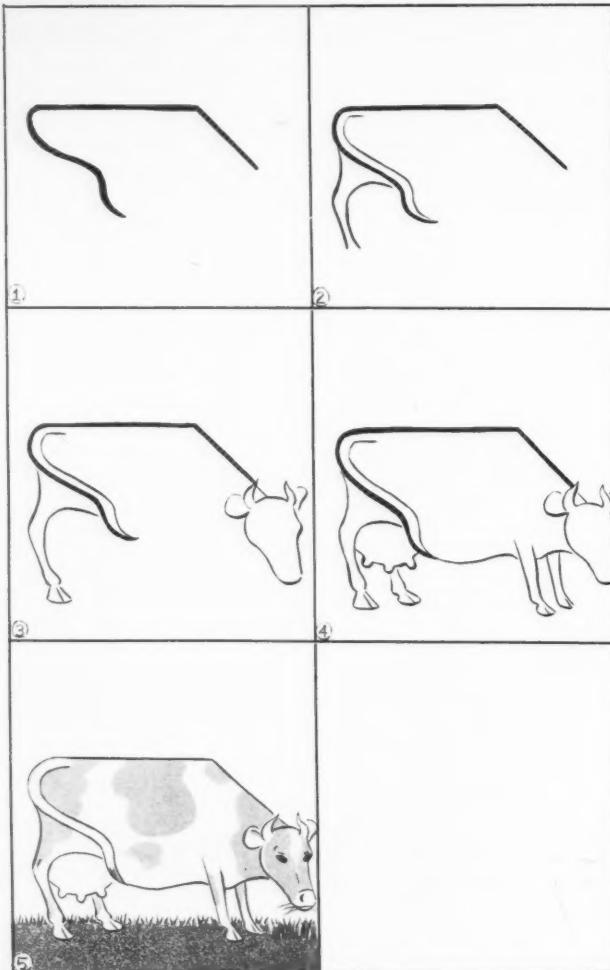
Snoopy

By Steve L. Hickman (age 9)

SNOPY is my half grown kitten. He has a few black hairs on his head, the rest of him is white. I named him Snoopy because he always snoops into everything. He likes to play very much. His most fun is crawling into empty paper bags. He's not afraid of anything. He follows me all around our farm. He's my best pet.

Animalines

By Anthony DeMarco



READER'S Pages



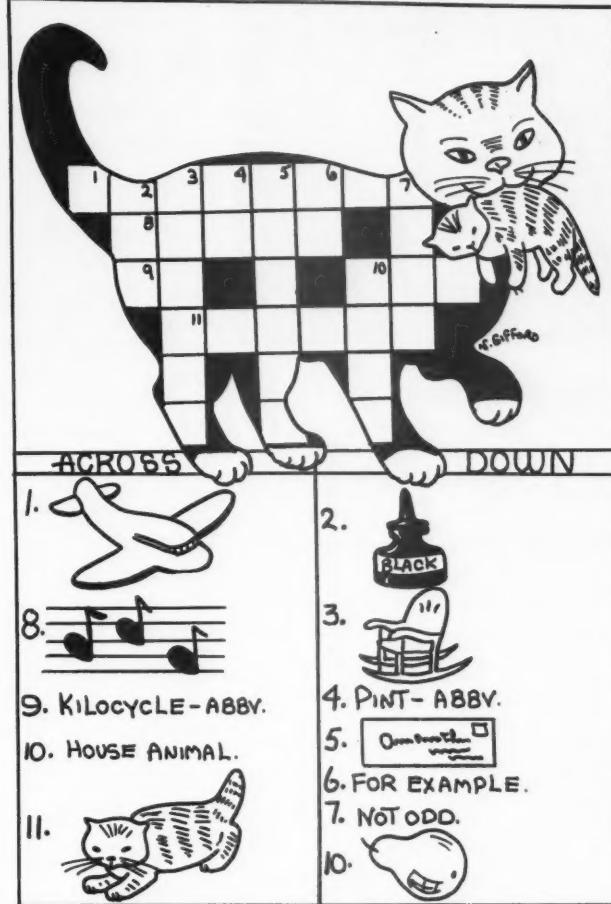
Suzie

By Kit Marshall (age 12)

THIS picture introduces Suzie, our three year old, gray and white cat. Suzie is fascinated with our clothes-chute, and spends hours sitting on the bathroom stool, wondering where the clothes go.

At Christmas her dramatic ambitions took over and she spent her time awake and asleep in the middle of our puppet stage.

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3. Rocker, 4. PT, 5. Letter, 6. As, 7. Even, 10. Pear.



Progress Report on:

Project Braille

PROGRESS is still being made and we have now received approximately \$250.—(Mar. '60). This is one-fifth of the amount needed to reach this year's goal. We are now in the process of determining where these braille editions, when they are published, will do the most effective humane work. We would welcome from our faithful readers, especially those that have shown an interest in this project, names of individuals and institutions throughout the country that are concerned with teaching and rehabilitating our blind friends. We would also like to know the names of magazines and publications that have as their reading audience blind children and adults. Armed with such information we feel certain that we could broaden the scope of operation and spread the Gospel of Kindness even further than it has been spread, thus far.

Recently we received a donation from a woman in Center Harbor, New Hampshire, who gave in the names of her five cats, all of whom, because of a disease, were blind in one of their eyes. Another letter was received by us consisting of "I am sending you my prayers," and for them we were very grateful and inspired.

Send your dollar to: PROJECT BRAILLE—180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

Out of the Past



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

VOL. 1 Boston Jan. 5, 1869 No. 8

Effect of Music on Animals

Cows are sensible to the charms of music. In Switzerland, a milkmaid or man gets better wages if gifted with a good voice, because it is found that a cow will yield one-fifth more milk if soothed during the milking by a pleasing melody. It might be expected that elephants would manifest musical taste. A concert was given to Hans and Margaret—a pair of elephants in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. The performers were all distinguished artists. The effect was unmistakable. Melodies in a minor key especially touched their elephantine hearts. "Caira" fired them with transport; "Charmante Gabrielle" steeped them in languor. The spell, nevertheless, did not act alike on both. Margaret became passionately affectionate; Hans maintained his usual sobriety of deportment.

—Flag of Our Union

VOL. 2 Boston Aug. 3, 1869 No. 3

Cat and Dog

The following "marriage" notice appeared in a Durham (England) paper apparently without exciting suspicion of a joke: "At Purton, 1st instant, the Count de la Terriere, of Howton Hall, near Barking, to Tabitha Felicia, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Pussy Catt, formerly of Catterick Bridge, Yorkshire."

—Transcript

—Little four-year old the other day nonplussed its mother by making the following inquiry: "Mother, if a man is a Mister, is a woman a Mistery?"

Be Kind to Animals Week

May 1st to May 7th

Readers on Review



"Susie," a member of the local canine population has received national recognition. Her portrait was selected from some 5,000 prints to appear at the 68th Annual Exposition of Professional Photography at Los Angeles, California. "Susie" whose charms enchanted the judges is a 10-year-old white toy poodle belonging to Ethel Gibbs of Malden, Massachusetts.



"Pat" has been gone for a number of years. He was a pretty old man when this picture was taken and was losing his power over dogs because he was very nearly blind. Otherwise, Pat was a hardy specimen.

—Sent in by Margaret Barrett of Illinois

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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